

HAD CHRONIC BRONCHITIS FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS NOW WELL AND HAPPY THIS IS WORTH READING

The experience of Mr. E. J. Tou-palik, 1438 Rose street, LaCrosse, Wisconsin, is chiefly remarkable on account of the length of time he was afflicted.

He writes: "I have been suffering with chronic bronchitis for twenty-six years and every winter I would catch cold and become so hoarse I could not speak for six or eight weeks. I could get only temporary relief.

"This winter I was taken with Grip and was in awful shape. A fellow workman advised me to take PE-RU-NA. By the time I had used three-fourths of a bottle, the hoarseness was gone, also that tired feeling. I am on my second bottle. Hereafter PE-RU-NA will be constantly in my house. It is the best medicine ever put up for the purpose."

For any disease due to catarrh or catarrhal conditions, PE-RU-NA is equally dependable. Coughs, colds, catarrh of the head, stomach, trouble, constipation, rheumatism, pains in the back, side and loins, bloating, belching gas, indigestion, catarrh of the large and small intestines, are some of the troubles for which PE-RU-NA is especially recommended.

PE-RU-NA can be purchased anywhere in either tablet or liquid form.

The Joy Of A Perfect Skin
Know the joy and happiness that comes to one thru possessing a skin of purity and beauty. The soft, distinguished appearance it renders brings out your natural beauty to its fullest. In use over 70 years.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream
Small Tin, 10¢; Large Tin, 25¢.
FERD. HOPKINS & SON, NEW YORK

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment A Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Mrs. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 25 cents at any drugstore, says Peterson of Buffalo, N. Y., and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for eczema, hemorrhoids, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

SLOW DEATH

Aches, pains, nervousness, difficulty in urinating, often mean serious disorders. The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES
bring quick relief and often ward off deadly diseases. Known as the national remedy of Holland for more than 200 years. All druggists, in three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

When a man is compelled to eat his words his appetite is quickly satisfied.

Even a blind man can find trouble without much difficulty.

It isn't "doing without" that makes commerce.

A great talker may not be a fool, but people who believe all he says are foolish.

A pretty girl is eagerly listened to although she may say nothing when she talks.

DEATH WAS NEAR

Florida Woman in Critical Condition From Dropsy, But Doan's Brought Recovery

"Dropsy brought me right down to the shadow of the grave," says Mrs. Ida B. Atwell, 904 William St., Key West, Fla. "For fifteen years I was a helpless wreck, struggling between life and death.

The pains were so severe in my back I screamed in agony. My head ached so severely I thought my skull was being crushed. Black specks floated before my eyes, and I had to grasp the bed to keep from falling.

"The kidney secretions burned and scalded and I could pass only a few drops at a time. My body bloated. The pressure of so much water on my chest almost smothered me. My feet also swelled and large sacs of water hung beneath my eyes. My skin had a shiny, white appearance and anywhere I pressed a dent would remain for hours. I became a nervous wreck.

"A friend told me about Doan's Kidney Pills and oh! I felt so happy when I found they were helping me. Continued use of Doan's completely cured me." Suora to before me. ARTHUR GOMBZ, Notary Public.

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADY LARKSPUR

By MEREDITH NICOLSON

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AUNT ALICE.

Synopsis.—Richard Searies, successful American playwright, confides to his friend, Bob Singleton, the fact that, inspired by the genius of a young actress whom he had seen in London, he has written a play, "Lady Larkspur," solely with the thought that she should interpret the leading character. This girl, Violet Dewing, has disappeared. Singleton, an aviator, has just returned (invalided) from France. His uncle, Raymond Bashford, a wealthy man, had contracted a marriage a short time before his death, while on a visit to Japan. He left Singleton a comparatively small amount of money and the privilege of residence in the "garage" of his summer home, Barton-on-the-Sound, Connecticut. Mrs. Bashford is believed to be traveling in the Orient. The household at Barton is made up of broken down employees of a New York hotel, where Bashford made his home. Singleton goes to Barton, taking with him the manuscript of "Lady Larkspur." There he finds the household strangely upset, some of its members being suspected by their comrades of pro-Germanism. Antoine, head of the establishment, informs him that he has been perplexed by the somewhat mysterious visits of a stranger, apparently a foreigner, seeking Mrs. Bashford. Antoine has formed the male members of the household into a guard for protection. Torrence, Bashford's lawyer, informs Singleton that Mrs. Bashford is in America and may be expected at Barton at any time. Singleton reads Searies' play and thinks highly of it.

CHAPTER II.

The Amazing Widow.

As soon as Torrence left I returned to the garage, feeling that with Mrs. Bashford on American soil my use of the residence even as a loafing-place was unbecoming. Mrs. Bashford was not only in America, but with a motor at her command she might reach Barton at any hour. And the vigorous, dominating woman who had captured my uncle Bash, buried him in a far country, and then effected a hop, skip, and jump from Bangkok to Seattle, was likely to be a prodigious spender of gasoline. Her propensity for traveling encouraged the hope that she would quickly weary of Barton and pine for lands where the elephant and giraffe flourish.

I had brought with me the manuscript of Searies' play, and I fell upon it irritably and began reading the first act. The dialogue moved briskly, and I read on as though enfolded in the air of a crisp spring morning. My grouch over the upsetting of my plans yielded under the spell of his humor.

"Lady Larkspur" was the name assumed by the daughter of a reclusive naturalist in the valley of Virginia. She had known no life but that of the open country, where she ran wild all summer, aiding her father in collecting plants and butterflies. He had educated the girl in such a manner that only the cheer and joy of life were known to her. Hating mankind, he had encouraged her in nature-worship. She knew no literature except the classics; all history, even the history of the storied valley in which she lived, was a sealed book to her.

The girl's curiosity is roused by the sudden appearance of strangers from the unknown world beyond, whom she mystifies by her quaint old-world-ness. Searies had taken an old theme and given a novel twist to it. The solution of the mystery of the father's exile and an amusing complication of lovers afforded a suspenseful interest well sustained to the end. In the last act the girl appears at a ball at a country house in sophisticated raiment, and the story ends in the key of mirth in which it began.

It was a delightful blending and modernization of Diana, Atalanta, Cinderella, and Rosalind; but even in the typewritten page it was amazingly alive and well calculated to evoke tears and laughter. That a play so enthralling should be buried in a safety-vault was not to be thought of, and I sat down and wrote Searies a long letter demanding that he at once forward the lost star for whom he had written the piece, suggesting the names of several well-known actresses I thought worth considering for the difficult leading role. Not satisfied with this, I telephoned a telegram to the agent at Barton for transmission to Searies at the Ohio address he had given me.

The next day passed without incident, and on the second, hearing nothing from Torrence, I began to doubt Mrs. Bashford's proximity. On the third still hearing nothing, I hastened to an invitation from friends at New London and drove in the runabout for dinner. It was midnight when I got back, and when I reached the gates several men dashed out of the lodge and halted me.

"She's come, sir," announced

Antoine, emerging from the darkness, and speaking under stress of deep emotion; "madame the widow has arrived, sir!"

"Why not Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba?" I exclaimed testily to cover my annoyance that my aunt had effected her descent in my absence. "Well, she was expected; the house is hers; what do you want me to do about it?" I ended with affected jocularity.

"We received her the best we could; but it was most unfortunate, your not being here, sir."

"Is that your idea, Antoine, or do you reflect the lady's sentiments? I'm properly humiliated either way. Tell me just what she said."

"Well, sir, she just laughed when I took the liberty of apologizing."

"The sneering laughter of outraged dignity! Go ahead and give me the rest of it."

"It was at ten she came, sir, and the guard held her up, not recognizing her, here at the gate, and when the car wouldn't stop the boys chased her and fired at the tires of her machine. It was very dreadful, sir. And at the house—at the door, sir—the guard was very harsh with her, sir, most regrettable."

"You certainly made a mess of it!" I ejaculated. "But you did let her in—into her own house, we must remember—you did grant her the courtesy of a lodging for the night?" I inquired ironically.

"She's retired, sir. There was a lady with her; maybe a maid; I can't exactly say; and we did everything, sir, to make her comfortable. She was not what you might say fussy, but quite human-like. I hope you'll pardon us, sir, which was due to not being warned."

"Oh, it's all right with me, but in the morning she'll probably bounce the



Drove Past the House.

whole lot of us. An old lady fatigued from a journey cross country and shot at on her own premises—its a very pretty story."

Antoine was swallowing hard in his effort to continue the recital.

"You say an old lady, sir; the mistress is not really what you would call so old—not exactly, sir."

"Really a youngish party, I should say," volunteered Graves, the gardener. Just what these veterans would call old was a matter of conjecture.

"Young or old, she would hardly relish her reception. There was a maid, and they came in a machine? Did you put up the chauffeur or did you shoot him on the spot?"

"It was a hired machine, sir; and madame sent it away. The driver was a good deal upset over the shooting. One of the rear tires was quite blown away."

"You're in luck if he doesn't have you all arrested to-morrow," I remarked consolingly.

"Mrs. Bashford seemed quite amused by the occurrence," Antoine continued. "Wonderful America!" she kept saying after we'd got her inside. We gave her tea, which was all she asked for. We did our best to make her comfortable. And there was a dog, sir. I recall that the master was not fond of dogs."

Antoine spoke truly; if there was anything my uncle Bash detested it was a dog, but I reflected that a world-skipping widow who could corral so difficult a subject as my uncle would be quite capable of inspiring him with delight in the canine species. My respect for the woman's powers of persuasion was intensified by this disclosure.

To make sure nothing was required of me until morning, I drove past the house with the army hanging to the footboard. The lower rooms were

dark, but lights twinkled through the second-story shutters. My aunt was established on the premises, and her coming and the circumstances of her advent constituted a good joke of which I and not she was the victim. When I reached my quarters in the garage I sat down and laughed until Flynn appeared, frightened by my noisy mirth that had penetrated to his quarters.

I wakened early, rang a bell connecting my rooms with the chauffeur's end of the garage as a warning to the flynn to prepare breakfast, and was dressed when the Irishman came in with the tray. In the absence of a morning paper I clung to him for company.

"I trust you will not be leaving, sorr," he remarked, eyeing my half-packed trunk.

"Very soon, Flynn."

"Then Elsie and I will be going ton, sorr. It's most uncomfortable they're making us—Dutch and the rest. That Antoine and his army keep pesterin' us and callin' us Hunks. 'It's most disagreeable we find it, the wife and me.'"

"Suffer and be strong—that's the watchword! We will hope that the Bashford is a woman of sound sense and tact who will exert herself to restore peace on her property. When I call to pay my respects and make my adieux I shall speak to her of the situation and vouch for your loyalty. You haven't, I suppose, seen the widow yet—she's probably sleeping late."

"Quite the contrary, sorr. She's been up and around for an hour or more. She's been all over the place and stopped for a squint at the garage, her and the pup."

"She been here, inspecting the garage?" I asked, glancing at my watch. It was not yet eight o'clock. The banter died out of me; clearly it had been my duty to be on hand to pilot her over the estate, or at least to receive her at the garage. "Just what was the lady's frame of mind—as to things generally. Peeved, was she, over the row last night?"

"Oh, no, sorr; quite cheerful and friendly. She's ordered a big car from New York and told me it would be coming up to-day and to make a place for it."

Here was news indeed, destroying all my hopes that she meditated only a brief sojourn. The purchase of a machine meant definitely that she would remain for some time, perhaps for the winter. I poured a second cup of coffee, swallowed it, grabbed my hat and stick, and asked enlightenment as to the course taken by Mrs. Bashford when she left the garage.

"She took the lower road, sorr, toward the Sound and stepped off quite brisklike."

It was the serene of September mornings, and I hurried away, thinking the cloudless blue arch, the twinkling sea, and the crisp air might serve to soften my aunt's displeasure at her hostile reception. From the conservatories I caught a glimpse of a woman on the beach—a slender, agile woman, throwing a ball for the amusement of a fox-terrier. The two were having no end of a good time. She laughed joyfully when the ball fell into her hands and the terrier barked his discomfiture and eagerness for a chance to redeem himself.

Antoine's equivocal statement as to Mrs. Bashford's age was ridiculous. Instead of the middle-aged woman whom I was prepared to meet, here was beyond question a vigorous, healthy being whose every movement spoke for youth and the joy of life. It might, after all, be the maid of whom Antoine had spoken. I reached a low stone wall that separated the lawn from the beach just as she effected a running pick-up of the ball. She turned swiftly and flung it straight at my head. Involuntarily I put up my hand and caught it just as she saw me and cried out—a cry of warning and contrition. I tossed the ball to the dog.

"What must you think of me?" she exclaimed. "I was blinded by the sunlight and I didn't see you—really I did not!"

"I had no business being in the way," I laughed, noting first her glowing color, her violet eyes—amazingly fine eyes they were—her fair hair with its golden glint, her plain black gown with lawn collar and wristbands. It was her age, however, that roused me to instant speculation. Twenty-five, I decided, was a maximum; more likely she was not more than twenty-two, and if I had been told that eighteen was the total of her years I shouldn't have had the heart to dispute it.

"Bob Singleton," I said and stupidly added, "and you are Mrs. Bashford?" unable for the life of me to avoid turning the statement into an inquiry. "I am your aunt Alice," she said with a smile, putting out her hand. "Down, Rex!" she commanded the dancing terrier; "lie down; school's over now!" whereupon Rex obediently sprawled in the sand and began trying to swallow the ball.

"Wasn't this uly of me to try to kill you the first time we met?" Her eyes danced with merriment. "I didn't know of course that any one was about. But you made a very nice catch of it! I had expected to receive you most formally in the drawing-room, but this really serves very well. That tree down yonder is inviting; suppose we stay out here and talk a bit."

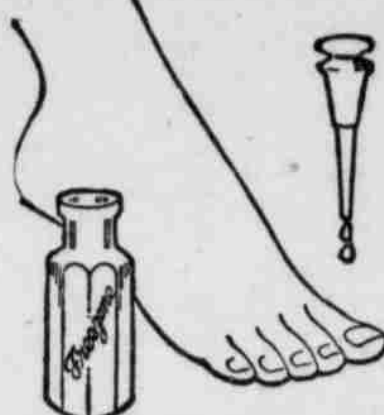
"Can't we make it Alice and Bob?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knavery has limits, foolishness none.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callous. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callous right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!—Adv.

True friends are those we feel like kicking because they point out our faults.

Free speech is responsible for most of the ill feeling.

mostly Wind.
Schreechun—He was a wise poet who remarked that in this world a man must be either unwill or hammer. Pencham—Oh, I don't know. It seems that most of them are merely bellows.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Ever Meet Him?
"I hear a lot about him but I've never met him."
"Who?"
"The man who never used to drink before the country went dry, but now drinks like a fish. Every rum round seems to know at least two of him."

Kept New Doll for "Company" Days.
Nancy, my little niece's old doll, was looking much the worse for wear, so I sent a daintily dressed dolly to take her place. A week after the presentation of the new doll I called at my sister's and found Betty playing with Nancy, her old love. On asking her what had become of the new one, she replied: "Oh, she's nice for company days, but I like Nancy for plain days."

Strictly Belonged to Him.
I was having the children help me in straightening up the living room. I had said I would do certain parts of the tidying up and that Edwin could do certain things and then Baby Betty could do some of the little work. However, I heard Betty fussing with Edwin to let her do something I had assigned to him and he said: "Why, of course, you can't. That is a middle sized work and I'm the only middle sized person here to do it!"—Exchange.

PAINS NEARLY DOUBLED ME UP

Nothing Helped Me Until I Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wyandotte, Mich.—"For the last four years I have doctored off and on without help. I have had pains every month so bad that I would nearly double up. Sometimes I could not sweep a room without stopping to rest, and everything I ate upset my stomach. Three years ago I lost a child and suffered so badly that I was not able to move for days and I could not eat without suffering. The doctor could not help me and one day I told my husband that I could not stand the pain any longer and sent him to the drug-store to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and threw the doctor's medicine away. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and using two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash I could do my own housework. If I had not been for your medicine I don't know where I would be today and I am never without a bottle of it in the house. You may publish this if you like that it may help some other woman."—Mrs. MARY STENDER, 120 Orange St., Wyandotte, Mich.



of my head at times. My bowels did not move for days and I could not eat without suffering. The doctor could not help me and one day I told my husband that I could not stand the pain any longer and sent him to the drug-store to get me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and threw the doctor's medicine away. After taking three bottles of Vegetable Compound and using two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash I could do my own housework. If I had not been for your medicine I don't know where I would be today and I am never without a bottle of it in the house. You may publish this if you like that it may help some other woman."—Mrs. MARY STENDER, 120 Orange St., Wyandotte, Mich.

Are You Human?

A little baby. A little child. Don't they appeal to you? Doesn't your heart yearn to pick them up, to cuddle them close to you, to shield them from all harm? sure it does else you're not human. Being human you love them. Their very helplessness makes you reach out in all your strength to aid them. In health there's no flower so beautiful. In illness there's no night so black.

Save them then. Use every precaution. Take no chance.

When sickness comes, as sickness will, remember its just a baby, just a child and if the Physician isn't at hand don't try some remedy that you may have around the house for your own use.

Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for babies' ills and you can use it with perfect safety as any doctor will tell you. Keep it in the house.

Children Cry For Fletcher's



Do the People Know?

Do you know why you are asked to call for Fletcher's Castoria when you want a child's remedy? why you must insist on Fletcher's? For years we have been explaining how the popularity of Fletcher's Castoria has brought out innumerable imitations, substitutes and counterfeits.

To protect the babies: to shield the homes and in defense of generations to come we appeal to the better judgment of parents to insist on having Fletcher's Castoria when in need of a child's medicine. And remember above all things that a child's medicine is made for children—a medicine prepared for grown-ups is not interchangeable. A baby's food for a baby. And a baby's medicine is just as essential for the baby.

The Castoria Recipe (it's on every wrapper) has been prepared by the same hands in the same manner for so many years that the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and perfection in the product are synonymous.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms
900 DROPS
CASTORIA
ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Thereby Promoting Digestion
Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains
Neither Opium, Morphine nor
Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC
Beware of cheap imitations.
A helpful Remedy for
Constipation and Diarrhoea
and Feverishness and
Loss of Sleep
resulting therefrom in Infancy.
Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DROPS—40 CENTS
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Favorite Sons.

"I understand you are mentioned as a favorite son."

"Entirely against my will," answered Senator Sorghum. "Most of the favorite sons I have known have had about as much chance of growing up to be real fighters as the teachers' pets in the old days at school."

"I am your aunt Alice," she said with a smile, putting out her hand.

"Down, Rex!" she commanded the dancing terrier; "lie down; school's over now!" whereupon Rex obediently sprawled in the sand and began trying to swallow the ball.

"Wasn't this uly of me to try to kill you the first time we met?" Her eyes danced with merriment. "I didn't know of course that any one was about. But you made a very nice catch of it! I had expected to receive you most formally in the drawing-room, but this really serves very well. That tree down yonder is inviting; suppose we stay out here and talk a bit."

"Can't we make it Alice and Bob?"

Leap Year Stuff.
Miss Mancheser—Don't you think you could learn to love me?
Mr. Skirishy—I love my work.
Miss Mancheser—Fine! Marry me and you'll have to work twice as much.

Good Enough for a Girl.

A father and mother, says a British weekly, had brought their month-old twins to an East London church to be christened. All went well until the father asked: "And what is this child's name?"

The father drew himself up and replied: "Halg Pershing Foch. Marne Mons Lloyd George Clemenceau Jones."

The pastor gaped, then, taking a deep breath, he turned to the mother, who was holding the other child. "And the name of this?" he asked.

The meek little woman smoothed her dress and whispered, "Mar d."

Analogy.
"Pop, wasn't a soldier who carried a lance, called a lancer?"
"Yes, son."

"Then is a soldier who carries a pike, a piket?"

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Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Itch, Smart or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

ITCH!
Money back without question if HUNT'S SALVE fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Price 10¢ at druggists, or direct from A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sharon, Pa.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS
that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with
ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book 3 & free. ABSORBINE, the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

LOTS
In Reeves County (Texas) oil field for \$25, 140 acres. No commission, no agents, no company stock. Just location in field. I deed you the lot for \$20 and give you the money to drill. Write for details. Who says my bank is my town about me. C. R. Coulter, Greenville, Texas.